

## CORRESPONDENCE.

HOMERVILLE, O., Nov. 18.—Since returning from New London I have had the pleasure of attending the prayer meeting at the Brethren church of Homer, led by brother Milo Atkins: also a splendid sermon preached by brother Jacobs, the words of the text being "Every good and perfect gift cometh from above." We felt our hearts grow light when we listened to the cheering words and loving counsel of our dear brother. We feel thankful to the giver of all good that brother Jacobs has been thrown in our midst, and may he be blessed from on high for the great change that has been brought about through his influence. Another season of love and devotion to our Savior and Master was enjoyed by God's children on Nov. 14th. Brother Jacobs and wife with sixteen of his members, wended their way to Fair Haven. It was rather cold and stormy but we arrived there about 5 o'clock, where there had been arrangements made to hold communion. The tables were surrounded by nearly seventy-five. The services, were enjoyed by all the brothers, and sisters, and we felt that it was good for us to be there. We were kindly invited to remain over the Sabbath, but owing to home duties we were obliged to return that night. We thank the brothers and sisters of Fair Haven for the kindness exhibited toward us, and may the blessings of God rest upon each and every one of them, is my sincere wish. Brother Jacobs preached a thanksgiving sermon on thanksgiving day at half past 10 o'clock at our church in Homer.

There is nothing important about life and let us understand it and think of our responsibilities and use all the light that we have from God that we may be guided aright amid its perils and changing experiences. God demands an account of the past that we must render hereafter. He demands a reformation of the present and this we must have now; but God has said in his holy word "Come unto me all ye ends of the earth and be saved," without money and without price.

—L. A. J.

## "Hain't We Right."

We attended a Conservative meeting lately, and during recess a big man stepped up to us and wanted to know whether the writer was a Christian. I replied "I believe that I am."

"To what denomination?" he asked.

"Progressive," I replied; "one of those proud ones as they are called. Can't you see it?"

He said: "Ah, they are proud. They wear hats covered with artificial flowers, etc. Haint we right?"

Having recovered from the shock, and fully understanding what he wanted to play; so we struck the key note. "I do not think it is right to baptize a person over again, when he was baptized according to the Bible."

"Who baptized you?" he inquired.

"A. Leedy," I replied.

"Well he did not hear the church."

We wanted to know whether Alexander Mack was not one of those offscourings, and who baptized him?

"Oh, we dare not go back so far," and the elder told us that it was time to commence their meeting and we were left alone.

Dear brothers and sisters where is the Church that Alexander Mack established? Conservatives dare not go back so far. The Brethren have gone back to the gospel which is the sure foundation, and so it must be the Old Order Church; for we heard one teach that if we don't do as our fathers and mothers, we cannot come where Christ is. Well we will not strive about it.

We are Contented with the Bible and our own doctrine.

Come now Brother Rosenberger; come and tell me what part of the gospel we have violated. Is the single mode of footwashing one? Also supper on the table at footwashing, and you practice the same now. Ah, yes, my Brother what was a sin yesterday will be one today. I would like to know whether there is more sin in a hat and artificial flowers than in a watch chain, for we saw a sister that very day who wore one and she was allowed to take communion.

Brethren and sisters, let us not run after every Lord. We would only make trouble in the camp.

We are a little like Paul: we can enjoy ourselves wherever the gospel is preached, whether by Methodist or Lutheran. None of those have asked us yet, "Haint we right?" Time and again the Conservatives asked the writer this wonderfully self-righteous question. Ask your God, whom you worship; or does he not hear you. Perhaps he is asleep.

CAROLINE MARCH.

Bellefontaine, Ohio.

## The Boiler-Room Bible Class.

"I never knowed one," said Shapleigh, rolling a huge tobacco quid from side to side of his ample jaw. "I've seen pious people of most all professions, but I never did see a pious 'puddler,' an' I've ben in the Steel Works goin' onto twenty-nine year."

"Well," said his comrade, "you're bound to be surprised then; this Jones is coming here as boss puddler, and Wheeler told me that he saw the same man teaching a Sunday-school class up to the North End."

"He must hev ben mistakened," was the positive answer.

But he was not. The "boss puddler," Mr Jones, took his place in the Steel Works the next morning, and the brawny men who made up his gang waited in silence for the first orders. They came as soon as he had taken a deliberate survey of the premises.

"He knows his business," said Shapleigh, as his friend stood beside him a few hours after the new boss had come.

"Do you think he is pious?" inquired the other, anxiously.

"Pious! no sir! he aint no lamb; he's a reg'lar lion. Did you see him pick up that crucible? there isn't another man in the Works that can do it as easily as he did."

A number of days passed, and the men came to like their new overseer extremely; but it began to be whispered among them that he hadn't sworn since he had been there.

"That's all right," said Shapleigh; "he isn't acquainted, an' don't like to branch out just yet. Wait awhile until young Connors breaks something, an' then, you mark my words, he will just lift the roof."

Connors blundered, bent, and broke, with all his unfortunate might, but no oath came from the boss. The matter was growing serious. Perhaps, after all, "Brother Jones," for so he was called by the younger men was pious. Before they had opportunity to speculate farther, the object of all this anxious inquiry settled the question forever by a few simple words.

"Shapleigh," he began, "I heard a sermon last winter, in which the preacher said there was no real devil—that what we thought was the devil was really only the bad that was in us from the beginning."

"Well, perhaps he knowed as much about it as any of 'em."

"I don't know about that," said the boss, in his shrewd, matter-of-fact way. "I thought as long as he took his text from the Bible, that I would see if the same book wouldn't prove him wrong."

"An' did it?"

"Oh, I havn't tried it yet. Come out in the boiler-house after the next heat, and you shall keep tally while I hunt up the places."

Before the other could demur he was gone.

"The boiler-house," thought Shapleigh, "that is where all the puddlers loaf and smoke between heats."

True to the appointment, Shapleigh was on hand and soon the two were discussing passages that the pocket Concordance pointed out. Before long every one present was deeply interested in the search, and when the whistle blew, Jones said, carelessly:

"Some of you fellows hunt up another Bible for to-morrow, will you? and, Thompson, you bring a pencil and some paper to keep account of the points. Look alive now boys or our heat will be late."

The next day, three brought Bibles and finished the question to their hearts' content, agreeing solemnly that the Bible taught a personal devil.

Another question was raised by one of the men,

and settled the same way. The profane puddlers, so suddenly transformed into Bible students, began to be interested in their novel work. Their boss was so popular, so much one of themselves, that they never imagined a trap, and when he proposed that they go into a Bible class up town for one Sunday, just to see what a "real professional" would say with regard to the questions that they had settled, every one agreed.

The next Sabbath they were all in the class named, much to the surprise of the worthy teacher.

"You didn't tell him we was comin'?" said Shapleigh to his overseer, with sudden suspicion.

"Not a word," was the earnest reply.

They listened with respectful gravity throughout the lesson, and one or two made brief comments.

The next Sunday three of them went again and ere long all but one had joined the class.

"Boss," said Shapleigh one morning as they worked side by side, "I'm feelin' pretty good to-day."

Are you?" said the other.

"Yes, an' I'll tell you why. Thompson an' I was a-readin' of that verse where it tells about a person's sins being all blotted clean out, an' we made up our minds that it was jest exactly what we wanted; so we prayed, an' boss, I can't tell you how I feel, but"—here the old man's voice broke, and his eyes filled—"I've been prayin' ever since, an' I'm so happy that I just have to hold myself to keep from shoutin' out that tune that they sing up thar, 'All hail the power of Jesus' name.'"

All but one of "Brother Jones'" class found the Master; and now to find in the Steel works a puddler that swears, is as rare as it formerly was to find one who did not.—H. C. P.

## Christianity: Its Destined Supremacy upon the Earth.

The Being presented by this inspired declaration is Jesus the Christ; and Christianity is the system of truth of which He is the center: its Alpha and Omega. Its supremacy is inferred: 1. From the fact that God has established and introduced it to human knowledge. 2. From its interior structure, its fitness to man, the reply which it gives to his deepest demands. 3. From the fact that the supremacy of Christianity will nobly complete the circle of History; will give unity, wholeness to the annals of the race, and will show through their courses a sublime method. 4. The specific declarations of God in the Scriptures assure us of that result. 5. The historic progress of Christianity among men, with the nature of the arena on which it now acts, gives assurance of its supremacy. How then ought its friends to labor for Christianity! to spread its Truths, its Promise and Life! How vividly also does this last thought come to us: the personal obligation of each of us to submit from the heart to Christ's dominion. The ancient legend of the Church, that Julian died exclaiming as he expired, "Galilean, Thou hast conquered," is certain to be realized for the substance of its history, in every soul not submitted to Christ. His rule at last shall be complete; and the period of that sway shall compass eternity. In that last and glorious age, there will be found no place on earth, no place in heaven for him who hath not bowed to Christ! The dominion of Messiah hath no promises for him.—R. S. STORRS, IN PULPIT TREASURY.

There is no godliness in the unregenerate heart. There must be godliness before there can be the power of it. Piety is a lovely flower, never found growing in the soil of the natural heart. It is an exotic. There must be a soil prepared for it. Regeneration does this, for it renews the heart.

The sea-plants lie flat and flabby, and formless when the tide is out: but when it returns they rise and stand and beautifully wave themselves amid the vitalizing element, every stem full, every leaf full, every pore and vessel full. Thus it is with believers when flowed around and flowed into by the fullness of God.—REV. THOMAS COLLINS.

We are born for a higher destiny than the earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in the presence forever.—BULMER LYTTON.